The Second PART of Unfortunate

JACK.

Jack comes once more upon the Stage,
And shews the People of the Age
His Fortunes and his discontent,
And finally his banishment;

And whatsoever of him I hear
I purpose to you to declare,
Being full of honest mirth and wit.
The merriest Book that e're was writ.

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THE Unfortunate SON:

NOw *Jack* must act his *Second Part*,
ye Standers-by give ear,
His actions I'll to you impart,
if you'll be pleas'd to hear.
His wife that lov'd him wondrous well,
and sav'd him from the Gallows,
Did die, poor heart, as I heard tell
by many Country Fellows.
His Father-in-law did hate him sore,
he could not him abide;
So that he turn'd him out of door,
and thus with him did chide.
Thou whorson Varlet, this he sed,
a blow thou didst me give
Upon my head, all in my bed,
it's wonder I could live.
And if thou shouldst live longer here,
I swear by this good light,
Thou wouldst each day put me in fear,
I should be killed quite:
And therefore to prevent the worst,
I'll put thee now away;
Too long thou know I have the nurst,
no longer shalt thou stay.

But for because I lov'd thy Mare,
which was my daughter dear,
I will give thee a suit compleat,
a Cloak and all most rare:
Shift for thy self then if thou can.
Jack gave his father thanks,
Now *Jack* he is a Gentleman,
and played many pranks.
Jack had not gone past half a mile,
but he a house did find,
And knocked at the door a while,
to ease his troubled mind.
The woman of the house came down
a lusty bawd and Old, (Clown
What wouldst thou have quoth she, thou
thou knockest here so bold.
A service, mistress, quoth this fool,
a service I do lack.
I hear you keep a Vaulting School,
my name is called *Jack*.
Now welcome honest *Jack*, quoth she,
a service thou shalt have.
Come up the stairs poor *Jack* with me,
I will maintain thee brave.
When as poor *Jack* the Ruffers saw,
that were above the stairs,
One of them then his Knife did draw,
and cut off both his ears. (men
Down stairs *Jack* runs from those bad
all full of grief and fear,
Into a house of Office then, he

he thought to hide him there;
The boards did break asunder straight,
and down poor Jack fell in,
And being down he with his weight
sunk up unto the chin.
To call for help in that foul place,
he thought it was in vain,
For none would pity his sad case,
but thus he did complain;
Hard-hearted father my worst foe,
to turn me out of doors,
That I should be abused so,
by such base Knaves and Whores.
My ears, alas, now I have lost,
in midst this deadly strife,
And in this privy am so crost,
I'm like to lose my life.
All day till night poor Jack did stand,
in that same piteous pickle,
Those Rogues would lend no helping hand,
but laught till they did tickle.
About midnight a Bear broke loose,
was hunger bitten sore,
Hearing the groans of this poor Goose,
stood and began to roar,
Thinking to devour poor Jack,
to fill his hungry maw;
For why the Bear did Victuals lack,
and there thrust in his paw.
Fast by the paw Jack took the Bear,

the Bear did draw *Jack* out,
And being filled with great fear
did run the town about,
The Bear thought *Jack* the Devil had bin
but *Jack* was wondrous glad,
The Bear to roar doth now begin,
as if he had been mad:
The townſmen up in arms did riſe,
they know not what to think,
Fough, fough, the people all then cries,
ſo beaſtly *Jack* did ſtink.
Into the Church *Jack* ſtraight did creep,
within a tomb he lay:
And there he thought poor lad to ſleep,
till it was break of day.
Wiſhing he from himſelf could flie,
if ſuch a thing might be,
Or in that tomb he there might die
to end his miſery:
In the mean time the Prieſt then went
unto the Church with ſpeed,
To rob the tomb was his intent
more miſchief for to breed.
For he had heard ſome mony lay
under a dead man's head;
Quoth he, I'll fetch it thence away,
he cannot ſee that's dead.
Jack cou'd not tell now what to think,
this did fear him ſo ſore,
And now he did begin to ſtink
worſe than he did before.

The Prieſt came down for to deceive
the dead man in the tomb.
He never ſaid, *Jack*, by your leave
lie further, make more room,
Into the tomb he thruſt his foot,
not thinking to be ta'en.
Now maſter Prieſt it is no boot,
to pull it back again,
For *Jack* will ſerve you as he ſerv'd
the hungry Beat before.
But maſter Prieſt you are not ſtarv'd,
yet *Jack* will make you roar.
Jack held him faſt, the Prieſt cry'd out,
good dead man do not ſo;
I thought you had not been ſo ſtout
and dead ſo long ago.
I am come to rob you, ſir, I ſay,
ten pound I hear you have,
And what ſhould dead men do I pray,
with mony in the grave?
Jack nothing ſaid, but let him go,
and both of them were glad,
But *Jack* now of the mony doth know,
for joy he's almoſt mad.
He ſeeks about and there doth find
ten pounds within a bag;
Which gives him comfort in his mind,
and cauſe here of to brag.
O now, quoth *Jack*, my Father ſhall know
for him I little care.

Since I find mony here below,
no longer I'll despair,
Now Jack goes forth by break of day,
his mony he will keep,
A thief came by and stole away
his mony, while he did sleep:
Jack wak'd, and found his mony gone,
and much was griev'd therefore;
Quoth Jack I can but be undone,
and so I was before.
Now Jack unto a brook is gone,
to wash his cloaths that did stink,
Although poor Lad he was undone,
well of himself did think:
And yet the loss of his poor earn
did grieve him very sore.
He was a serving man he swears,
but he'll be so no more:
He'll be a Husband-man again,
to plow and cart will go,
And likewise thrash all kind of grain,
this he's resolv'd to do.
A Country man's Daughter had,
and she was pretty trim,
Jack did dwell with her good Dad,
her father hired him.
He set him for to thrash his corn,
and he great pains did take,
For he rose early in the morn,
wrought till his bones did ake.

His

His breeches 'twixt his legs were torn,
his whim-whams they hung out,
And Jack he spoke these words in scorn
gep, are you grown so stout?
No marvel sure, and pray wherefore
doth provender prick you so,
That you have broke the stable door,
ho Ba! ho.
Now still when he to thrashing fell,
his whim-whams bobbed out,
Just like the clapper of a bell,
so strong was he and stout.
Mean while his master's daughter came
to see their Servants work,
But Jack was senseless of his shame
and desperate as a turk. (like,
What things are they kind friend, quoth
that dingle dangle hang;
My Marking-irons, Maid, quoth he,
as good as e'er did twang.
Your Making-irons, said the Maid,
what do you do with them?
Mark Maids with them, then Jack he said
and answered with a hem:
What will you take for marking me,
it must be understood,
Five shillings is the least, quoth he,
my Irons are very good. (glad,
Five shillings he had, which made him
and he was pleased also;

It

It was the best mony she said,
that ever she did bestow.
I pray, quoth she, mark me again,
five shilling more I'll give.
Jack makes a trade of marking then,
and bravely he did live:
But what with marking and thrashing too
poor *Jack* so weary grows,
He able was no more to do
but straight to bed he goes.
Now *Jack* a Gentleman may be
if *Fortune* on him smile,
But she that was both frank and free,
at last did him beguile.
For when as *Jack* in bed doth sleep,
his pockets then she picks,
And down the stairs she softly creep,
so these were her fly tricks.
So that was hers, was his by grant,
and hers again by cheat.
O may they never thrive but want,
who useth such deceit.
Next morning when as *Jack* awakes,
and found his mony gone,
Although his heart a little akes
his grief was quickly done.
For though he did not know the thief
which now had made him poor,
He knew she would yield him relief,
and he desir'd no more.

Now

Now five mile off there was a fair,
and *Jack* with her must go,
Because she knew he had good ware
for she had found it so.
A horse they have, the dogs they barks,
away with speed they ride,
But she must light still to be mark'd,
and must not be deny'd.
Forty shillings he got out-right,
he must be at her call,
He got by day, and lost by night
she cousin'd him of all.
But *Jack* was so tired, God wot,
with marking her that day;
A stone into his pocket got,
as I did here some say;
And riding by a little brook
he let the stone fall down,
Whereat she angry then did look
and on him she did frown.
What's that that's fallen from you qd. she
something from you did fall,
It was my marking-irons, quoth he,
with that she then did brawl.
Your marking-irons I would not lose
for forty pound, I say
Lets light and pull off our hose & shooes
and look them while we way.
He lights then to give her content
and they a wading fall.

And

And in the brook much times they spent
to no purpose at all,
Mean while a Labouring man came by,
and ask'd them what they sought.
Quoth she, my marking-irons, truly,
which I so dear have bought:
I'll help to seek for them, quoth he,
if you'll give me content:
I will give thee a groat, quoth she,
so he a wading went;
So now a wading they did go,
with feet, and hands, and eyes
And whatsoever they did do;
the woman she was wise.
For though her marking-irons was spent
she found another pair,
Which might give her as good content,
but 'twas the poor man's ware.
Fast hold at last she took thereon,
the poor Man's case was bad.
Hold, hold, quoth he, I am undone:
what, mistress, are you mad?
They are my marking-irons, quoth he,
let go if you be wise,
For if my wife should come and see,
she'd claw out both your eyes.
He pull'd, and she pull'd too and fro,
which when to Jack 'twas known,
Quoth he, give over, now let go,
for I have found my own.

Now

Now Jack did stand the poor mans friend
let no man at him scoff,
Had he not been sute in the end,
she would have pull'd them off.
Here is a groat, quoth she, for thee,
why are you discontent?
Pox take you, and your groat, quoth he,
and so away he went.
Well now she must be mark'd again,
since he his Irons have found,
But Jack did tell her flat and plain
the water did them confound:
And they had lost their vertue quite,
so homewards then they went,
But she was vexed all that night,
and slept in discontent.
But now she prov'd with Child,
which fill'd Jack's heart with fear,
For now poor Jack went to the pot,
as you shall shortly hear.
Her Father kept a mighty stir,
and she to him did say
That it was Jack that marked her,
and offered her fair play.
His marking-Irons I found were good,
he never urged me.
Then if the case be understood,
the fault lies all in me.
You Queen, quoth he, I'll knock you down,
if that you take his part,

Father

Father, quoth he, pray do not frown;
for he is my Sweet-heart.
His marking-irons were good, quoth she,
no wench can better have:
I'll spoil his marking-irons, quoth he,
and mark him for a knave:
With that he fell upon *Jack*'s bones,
and curs'd all ill-bred boars;
He with a Knife cut out his Stones,
then turn'd him out of doors.
Jack bid a pox take all his foes,
woundrous weak and sore,
For he could never I suppose
mark wenches any more.
Quoth *Jack*, what now will me betide?
'tis *Worm-wood* mixt with *Gall*;
I have lost my Ears and Stones beside,
which grieves me worst of all.
To seek my fortune I must go,
and keep all close and sure,
For if the wenches should it know
they'll never me endure.
Jack with an Usurer then met,
that lacked a man, he said,
Who to his belly was in debt,
and never kept a Maid.
And that is not amiss, quoth *Jack*,
I shall not be disgrac'd,
Since I my Marking-irons lack,
and Stones be now uncas'd;

The

The Usurer said, be not afraid,
you shall have ease good store,
I have not had a fire made
the seven long years and more.
You shall have ease enough, my friend,
get victuals where you can;
Surfeits you know have been the end
of many an honest man.
Which to prevent, now thank me for't,
I'll physick you with hunger,
Your diet shall be thin and short,
that you may live the longer.
Jack willing was and did agree,
and fetch'd a sigh full sore;
It cannot sure be worse with me
than it has been before.
I've no more Ears nor Stones to lose,
I have gone through much strife,
This man can me no more abuse,
unless I lose my life.
Jack with his master homewards goes,
he lik'd him wondrous well,
One that could well endure all woes,
or with him could not dwell:
Jack, hast din'd to day, quoth he,
no master, quoth the Boy,
I have a piece of Cheese for thee,
three years old or more.
A piece of good Rye-bread also,
'twill serve poor folk my *Jack*:

To twenty houses thou may'st go,
and such good victuals lack.
Jack a grinding then did fall,
a crum he would not leese,
His teeth were loose even all
with gnawing that hard cheese
Two of his teeth *Jack* broke, poor lad,
the cheese it was so hard.
His fortune still it was so bad,
and none did him regard.
His master supp'd and din'd abroad
with Salmon, Plaise and Conger,
Whilst *Jack* at home kept his abode
almost starv'd with hunger.
His Master lock'd the Victuals in
a Chest, as I hear say,
His bones were seen through his skin
he was so fallen away.
At length, by chance, a Key he found
that opened the Chest,
Then did his joy so much abound
that cannot be exprest:
To gnawing of the cheese he fell,
just like a hungry Mouse,
Hard hap with such a man to dwell
or live in such a house.
The man did still his Chest fast find,
his cheese much grown had been,
Which made him think 'twas broke be-
and that the Mice crept in. Chind,

But

For of your help assuredly
there never was more need.
Then Hob and Lop, and Cob and Bab,
came running all amain,
Thinking some thieves this man did rob,
or he by them was slain.
Jacks master told them how it was,
what hissing then was there;
How Jack did do it like an ass
on purpose him to fear.
When they were gone he found the Key,
and then in hate and spight
He furiously turn'd Jack away
at twelve a Clock at night.
The night was dark as any pitch
the waies were foul and deep,
And Jack he fell into a Ditch
which made him for to weep.
Hard hearted master, Jack he said,
hard hearted Father too,
By whom any life is now betray'd,
alas what shall I do?
He in the mud did stick so fast,
he of his life did doubt,
But he with struggling at the last
with much ado got out.
At length into a Barn he creeps,
all round belot with grief,
And as he sits him down and weeps,
he's taken for a thief.

Poor

Poor Jack is beaten piteously
by the good man and his wife,
He wishes now that he might die,
he's weary of his life.
For he had lost his ears God wot
his marking-irons behind:
Who knows what will be his next lot,
or what will him befide;
He creeps into a hollow tree
and there he sleeps all night,
Hoping now he should be free
from all mens hate and spight;
Next day a blind man Jack did spy
a begging in the town,
Who lived upon the charity
of People up and down.
Jack offered his service then,
the blind mans man to be,
To lead and guide him now and then,
from dangers him to free.
The blind man he was well content,
poor Jack was eas'd of grief,
So joyfully away they went
to beg for some relief.
One lack't his ears and eke his stones,
the other lack't his eyes,
They to the people made their mones
with lamentable cries.
The women they do Jack defie,
the blind man Victuals had,

Poor Jack had all the injury
his fortune is so bad.
Want's Members and the Woman said
go hang thee if thou wilt,
We never use to help or aid
a man we know is Gelt.
Now Jack stood biting of his thumb
the blind had all the meat,
He would not give poor Jack a crumb
but what he could not eat;
Pox take the Rogue dismembred me,
now this was poor Jacks note,
I shall be starv'd for ought I see,
they'd better cut my throat.
The blind man laughs, and Jack lament
he knew not what to say,
But being fill'd with discontents
he sadly walkt his way:
He leads the blind man by the hand
sometimes against a post,
And saies if bee The better man'd
he must not brag and boast.
The blind man he poor Jack did beat,
and so began the fray,
And the contention wondrous great
as they walkt on the way;
Thou Whorson Clown the blind man sed
I should have more than thee,
Thou by thy labour mayst be fed
thou seest I cannot see.

Blind

Blind man quoth Jack regard my cries,
as Heaven doth my groans,
Had I not better want my eyes
than want my ears and stones?
For thou getst victuals every where
and keepest me with the smell,
Because forsooth thou hast the ware
which Women love too well.
Thou whorson Knave the blind man said
were thy behaviour fair,
Your head with ears had been arrai'd,
and thou hadst had thy ware.
Quoth Jack I have been forward still
all women do it know,
Then why should I for my good will
be thus abused so?
Over a bridge now do they go
Jack still must be his Guide,
Quoth Jack I'll now revenged be,
so led him quite beside.
Into the River fell the blind,
the lame away did run,
Had not a man to him been kind,
the blind had been undone.
Now Jack is glad, the blind man mad,
no boot for Jack to stay;
For Jack did think his case was bad,
which made Heaven away.
He thought the blind man had been
so over hedge and ditch

The Unfortunate Son.

He ran with speed, at last he found
an old decayed watch;
Woman quoth Jack pray can you tell
the way to Paradise,
For I have been too long in hell
I now fain would be wise.
And hast thou been in hell quoth she,
[illegible]
I prethee friend take that from me,
[illegible]
But if you will my servant be,
I'll [illegible] you well
If thou be pleasing unto me,
I'le make the feet of hell;
Jack looke upon his Mistris well
and knew not what to think,
She looks like one cameout of hell,
and diff of brimstone stink:
But what of that he would her serve,
his fortune was so evil
For since that he is like to starve
he did now fear the Devil.
She gave him then her Livery,
[illegible]
Now Jack is in his heavery
and looks just like a bear;
[illegible]
he thought [illegible]
Now Jack would [illegible] be said
that men might him behold,

With arms a kembal he went forth,
began to vaunt and roar,
And thought his cloak for to be worth
a hundred pound and more.
The Boys began to hoot and hiss,
the men began to jeer,
The Women mockt him to his face,
and call'd him many a geer,
You base inferior fellow, quoth he
now know you what you do,
But since that you but dunghills be
I now will pardon you.
But when the Dogs at last began
to smell his Livery cloak,
They took him for a bear, no man,
and so upon him broke.
They rent his cloak from off his back
and bit him pitcously,
And thus poor Jack did go to wrack,
as though from them did fly.
The people of the town did run
to bring him back again,
O now quoth Jack I am undone,
I fear I shall be slain.
Quoth Jack I think that mad you be
to use me with me so bold,
That you should set your dogs at me
and tear my cloak of Gold.
Thou mad man quoth the people then
what humour art thou in,
with us to disturb us honest men.

with a Bears ugly skin.
Quoth Jack I'le tell both great and small
what happed unto me,
And so he up and told them all
himself from strife to free,
He told them there close by a Pool,
all his misfortunes had,
They took him then but for a Fool,
or one that had been mad,
They banisht him I understand,
into an island far,
Where Knaves and Fools do bear com-
and 'gainst each other War. (mand

And for all these things under written
Jack *was ordered to be banished.*

Item, For asking service at a Bandyhouse.
Item, For losing his Ears.
Item, For falling into the house of Office.
Item, For scaring the Bear.
Item, For scaring the Priest. (the tomb.
Item, For losing the ten pound found in
Item, For losing his Mark-irons.
Item, For scaring the Usurer his Master.
Item, For throwing the blind man his
master into the River.
Item, For scaring the people of the town
with his Bears skin, which was the
cause of his banishment into the Isle of
Fools and Knaves.

FINIS.